



A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher.

"HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE."

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LECTION FOR ELECTORS

OF THE PRESIDENT AND VICE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

IN compliance with the Act of the General Assembly...

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And in case the person elected Judge shall not attend...

In case any clerk appointed under the provisions...

It shall be the duty of the several assessors...

No person shall be permitted to vote at an election...

Every person qualified as aforesaid, and who shall make...

If any person shall prevent or attempt to prevent...

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A LEAF.

BY GEO. J. AKERS.

"I send you a leaf from the dear old maple tree...

A leaf, a leaf from a maple tree! Oh, what is a leaf like that to me?

Oh, what is a leaf like that to me? Is it yellow, or brown, or fresh and green?

It is at best but a trifle to me, I ween. Ah, no! ah, no! 'tis a book indeed.

To me, of earliest thought and creed; Of memories sweet and of songs low-sung.

In the bright, glad days, when I was young; Of a face all smiles, of a heart full warm.

Of a soul untraced by sin's alarm. Glad days! glad days! where be ye now?

Come, shed your light on my care-marked brow; Come, tell me again of the hopes ahead!

But, ah!—I remember—those hopes are dead! Aye, crushed are they; and the snow will fall.

And deep forever will hide them all. You speak of pleasure, and tell me true

Of feelings sacred to me and you; Of words once uttered, and vows once made,

Beneath that beautiful maple's shade. Ah, yes! ah, yes! but my heart has turned;

And the maple tree and the bright, green grass. I long had forgotten—alas! alas!

But, was it, you ask, for this I prayed, As together we strolled on the grassy glade?

Remember your vows thro' coming years? But those vows, thro' waiting and bitter tears.

Are blotted away, and the void is there; The haunt of a demon they call despair.

But fear not, friend, tho' my heart be cold, I cannot forget the days of old.

Tho' the boughs be stripped and the maple bare, I oft in spirit will meet thee there;

And love to listen, tho' never to hear, Thy voice of music upon my ear.

glad too and we started on our outward course with fine weather and light hearts.

We had a month of undisturbed clear sky. The wind blew especially for our benefit...

It was a leaf from a maple tree! Oh, what is a leaf like that to me?

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We went to Boston, however, and, taking a carriage, drove out to Cambridge.

It was nearly ten o'clock when we reached the street on which Mrs. Hasbrouk's house stood.

My wife was shivering, more with restlessness than cold, as we drove up to the once happy little home.

The house seemed quite dark in front. As we knocked (Emily had insisted on getting out of the carriage...

As we knocked (Emily had insisted on getting out of the carriage, and stood close to me)—as we knocked, the lock turned, and the door was thrown open.

The hall was filled with light, and in the doorway, as bright and well as ever, stood Mrs. Hasbrouk, the same happy lady we had left five months before.

Emily, of course, went back to colors. We have never had the affair satisfactorily explained, but certainly Mrs. Hasbrouk was perfectly well during the whole time of our absence...

I think that Mr. Myles, to whom I afterward told the story, has disliked Mrs. Hasbrouk from that time.

A Russian Ghost Story.

In a certain village—so the story goes—there was a girl who hated work but loved gossip.

So she never spun herself, but used to invite the other girls to her house where she feasted them and they spun for her.

During one of these spinning feasts a dispute arose as to which of the party was the best.

"I'm not afraid of anything," said the lazy-bones.

"Well, then," said the spinners, "if you're not afraid, go through the graveyard into the church, take down the Holy Picture from the door, and bring it here."

"Very well," said she; "I'll bring it, only each of you must spin me a distaff full."

Well, she went to the church, took down the picture, and brought it home with her. But then the picture had to be taken back again, and the midnight had arrived.

Who was to take it? "Go on spinning, you girls," said the lazy-bones. "I'll take it back myself. I'm not afraid of anything!"

So she went back to the church and replaced the picture. As she passed through the graveyard on her return, she saw a corpse in a white shroud sitting on a tomb.

It was a moonlight night, and everything was visible. She went up to the corpse and pulled its shroud off. (Its legs, as it stirred, hadn't arrived, perhaps.)

Then she went home carrying the shroud with her. After supper, when everybody had gone to bed, all of a sudden the corpse tapped at the window saying, "Give me my shroud! Give me my shroud!"

The other girls were frightened out of their wits. But the lazy-bones took the shroud opened the window, and said: "There, take it!"

A STATUE THAT WINKED.

In the spring of 184— the dramatic company of John S. Potter, a veteran, who has got himself in and out of more tight places than any other man alive...

found themselves dead broke in a one-horse town in Lower Canada. When show people do a slim business landllords are imperative and exacting, and, in this case, so urgent were the demands of the publican who gave them bed and board...

something had to be done immediately. Potter called the company together, and after discussing their situation pro and con, proposed that they should get up an exhibition of wax figures, to be represented by the different members of the company.

"I don't see it," said the heavy villain of the establishment. "That pork won't boil," joined in the low comedy man.

Miss Cleopatra Melville, the leading lady, thought it would lower the dignity of the profession.

"Hem," said Potter. "I think the profession is pretty well lowered now, and it is the only chance I can see to make a raise."

After arguing the point for some time, the company finally agreed to the manager's suggestion. He arranged that a huge crane and three or four large dry goods boxes should come rumbering up the main street of the town...

about noon the following day. There were many eager inquiries of what was in the wind from the astonished populace, and it was soon noised about that it was Barnum's great show of waxed figures from the city of New York.

Of course the boxes were full of sawdust, and the only statues about the place were the various members of J. S. Potter's company. There was a terrible excitement about the town during the day, and the doors of the hall were shut to all inquisitive intruders.

Handbills were extensively circulated, explaining the statues about to be exhibited to the free and enlightened citizens of the town—were perfect models of the sculptor's art.

There was so much excitement that the manager had not a doubt he would reap a golden harvest. It required a short rehearsal before the doors were opened to a discriminating public.

A rope was stretched across that portion of the hall where the statues were to take their positions, for fear that too close an investigation might be made, and the trick discovered. This precaution and several large placards of "Hands off!" it was thought would make everything secure.

"Heigh ho!" exclaimed the charming Miss Cleopatra Melville, who represented the Scotch heroine, Lady Helen Mar—"how long must I keep this dreadful awkward position, I shall faint or something, I know I shall, if they quiz me too closely."

"Don't do anything of the kind, my dear, because it would be injudicious in the extreme. I shall not run the performance more than an hour, my love," said the manager, with a winning smile.

"Mighty good practice for Evaline," said the general utility man, who had taken his place as the Marquis De Lafayette.

"Suppose that a fellow should happen to sneeze," exclaimed George Washington represented by the heavy tragedian of the company.

"Or something bite him and he had to scratch himself," roared low comedy, the Napoleon of the galaxy.

"Gentlemen," said the worthy manager, "for the honor of the profession I hope that nothing of the kind will occur, come, come, take your places and let every one remain as immovable as the Pygmalion statue, for the time being. There is a rush at the door, and we are going to have a nice house full."

The audience poured in by twos, threes and half dozens, and soon the hall was at least three-quarters full.

"Takes Barnum to get up things right," said a stout, red-faced man, to his better half. "If that study of Geo. Washington isn't the tallest kind of sculpin, I'd like to know what is it."

"Gammon and spinnage! Do you pretend to say that was statts can wink?"

"I don't know much about the general run of that kind of cattle, but I'll be blamed if this one didn't flop his eyelids, and what's more, it's an even bet, he will do it again. Just you get on the other side of him, Sam, and we'll both give a good, long, steady look."

A ten minutes' stay put Napoleon Bonaparte into a state of excruciating pain.—The case was so desperate one and he felt that he had to wink again or die. Nervous himself for the act, he planned a tremendous sockdolager on the nose of the inquisitive Jake, and bolted for the door.

Lady Helen Mar followed suit, and La Fayette and Washington did not lag behind sufficiently long for the audience to recover from their astonishment.

It so turned out that the people of the town took the wax figure show as a good joke, and the company, after paying bills, went on their way rejoicing.

THE HIGHEST BRIDGE IN THE WORLD.—The Baltimore Bridge Company, the President of which, Colonel C. Shaler Smith, so well known to all our citizens, has just announced a crowning triumph—the bridging of a mighty chasm in the heart of the Andes Mountains.

The Verrugas Viaduct is on the Lima and Oroya Railroad, in the Andes of Peru. The structure is remarkable for being the highest of the kind in the world, and for surpassing all others of its class in its perfect system of bracing and connections.

The viaduct crosses a mountain torrent called the Ague de Verrugas, in a wild and picturesque locality 13,000 feet above the level of the sea. The structure consists of four-deck spans of the Eureka type of truss, three of which are 110 feet long, and one, the central span 125 feet long. The spans rest on piers built of wrought-iron columns.

The piers are fifty feet high by fifteen feet wide on top.—There being three spans, the total length of the viaduct is 575 feet. The piers are the principal feature of interest and are respectively 145 feet, 252 feet, and 187 feet high. Each pier consists of twelve legs, which in plan form a rectangle.

Each leg is composed of a series of wrought-iron six-segment columns, in length of twenty-five feet, connections being made by cast-iron joint-boxes having tenons on each end running into the column. The columns are composed of series of wrought-iron six-segment columns, in length of twenty-five feet, connections being made by cast-iron joint-boxes having tenons on each end running into the column.

Compared with other works of a similar kind, such as the Eureka viaduct, which has hitherto borne off the palm, it is far ahead, both in magnitude and perfection of details.—St. Charles (Mo.) Cosmos.

THREE CHEERS FOR THE PREACHER.—At a certain place on a Methodist circuit, in this county, an enterprising preacher conversed for a week in a rectangle, who has hitherto borne off the palm, it is far ahead, both in magnitude and perfection of details.—St. Charles (Mo.) Cosmos.

Other veteran preachers had been there before him, but their efforts had been unavailing in the direction of a revival. The point was considered as lost to religious instruction or conversion. But the new preacher pitched every night with much zeal. He held meetings every night for a week, preached long and strong; got his mourners' bench ready, and called upon seekers of religion, but none appeared. Night after night he appeared to them to seek salvation, but, though the congregations were large, none appeared at the mourners' benches. The meetings were kept up for a week, and finally the preacher got discouraged. But he said he would try it one more night. That night came, and with it a big congregation. The preacher was eloquent, and wound up with an exhortation inviting persons forward to the seekers' benches. Not one rose.

"The preacher waited and pleaded, but no one moved. Finally he said, 'I have tried hard to produce conviction, but no one is moved. He had now made his last appeal, and after a few mild, kind words, he sat down. At this juncture a tall son of the sect arose and said, 'The preacher had been working hard, and had labored faithfully with them, and now, as a token of their appreciation and respect for him, he moved that the congregation give the preacher three cheers, which was carried.—Ironton (O.) Register.

"If I ONLY HAD CAPITAL.—"If I only had capital," said a young man, who is puffing a cent cigar. "I would do something."

"If I only had capital," said another, as he walked away from the dranshop. "I would go into business."

"Young man with cigar, you are smoking away your capital. You from the dranshop are drinking yours and destroying your body at the same time. Dimes make dollars. Time is money. Don't wait for a fortune to begin with. Our men of power and influence did not start with fortunes. You, too, can make your mark if you will, but you must stop squandering your money, and spending your time in idleness."

In order to rid one's premises of bugs, Genus has invented a novel and ingenious plan. All the apertures in a room are stopped but one, at which the deadly bug-buster is placed. By exhausting a current of air is produced strong enough to draw all the vermin out of the room, through the air pump, into the hopper, where they are put under the influence of chloroform, and stabbed in the back with a pin.

If you desire further information on the subject, they should send for circulars to the office of the Patent Bug-Buster and Vermin Annihilator Company, enclosing one cent for postage, and a sample or supplies of the bugs that are to be destroyed. The post office will not take anything in the bug line larger than a kitten. Full-sized bugs must be sent by express.

A MILK dealer who, on opening a can of milk, found a large buldog swimming about, sent word to the farmer who supplied him, that he thought his milk strainer was entirely too coarse.

THE LAST THING OUT—out of debt.